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C1267 - A Shocking Bet

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Chapter 1267: A Shocking Bet

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In a vast room in the underground black market…

An elder anxiously barged into the room, exclaiming, "Boss, bad news!"

"What's wrong?"

Seated at the very center of the room, a middle-aged man was leisurely sipping on his tea when he heard the exclamation and frowned.

This middle-aged man was a Leaving Aperture realm pinnacle expert, as well as the person who rules over the entire black market! Very few people knew of his true name, so most would only deferentially refer to him as the Boss.

Invaluable treasures could be found at every turn in the black market, but very few dared to snatch those treasures for their own. A huge reason for this was out of fear and deference for the Boss and his vicious means.

“Earlier, a challenger known as Zhang Xuan arrived in the Ring of Death, and he won ten rounds consecutively, winning himself the title of the Conqueror of Ten…” the elder reported.

“Is this anything to make a fuss about? Winning ten rounds consecutively isn’t anything much, is it?” the Boss replied leisurely as he lifted the teapot and poured himself another cup of tea.

It wasn’t easy to rise to the position of Conqueror of Ten, but every single year, there would still be seven to eight who would be crowned as one. In view of that, it really wasn’t anything much to make a fuss over.

“That would be nothing much, but just as he was about to challenge the other Conquerors of Ten for the position of Conqueror of Hundred, Hong Yang suddenly stepped into the ring!” the elder continued.

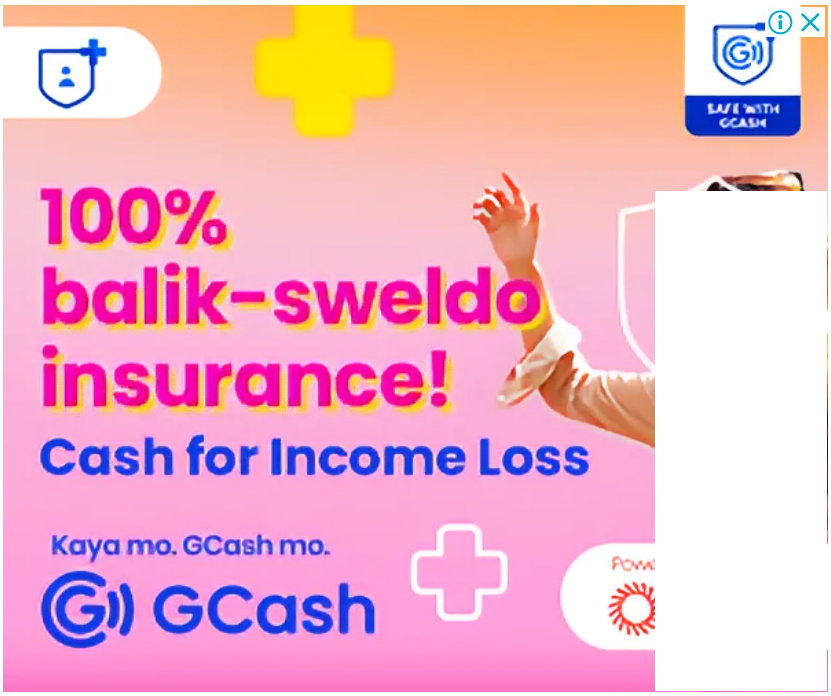
“Oh?” the Boss smiled in interest. “Given Hong Yang’s strength, there is none in his cultivation realm who would be a match for him. Anyone who faces him is likely to end in death. Since that’s the case, just make preparations to dispose of the corpse then. You have done this for a few years now, so is there any need to trouble me for something as trivial as this?”

“B-but Boss… I initially thought that there would be no problems as well, but after both parties traded two blows… Hong Yang ended up being slapped twice whereas Zhang Xuan… is still completely unscathed!” the elder swiftly explained the situation he had seen earlier, and the disbelief in his tone showed that he still hadn’t been able to come to terms with the matter yet.

“Hong Yang was slapped? Are you saying that Hong Yang isn’t a match for Zhang Xuan?” the Boss was taken aback.

“I’m afraid that’s likely to be the case!” the elder nodded.

“Hong Yang is our money tree, and he has been known for his indomitable strength. While he has a resounding reputation himself, there hasn’t been any good opponent to pit against him to create some fanfare for the Ring of Death… This works fine too. With this defeat, he should be able to grow further. We can plan for his comeback and earn substantial profits from it. Keep a close look on the situation, and make sure that his life isn’t threatened…” the Boss placed his teacup back on the table and said contemplatively.



Hong Yang was formidable, not infallible. Anything could happen on the ring, and it was precisely this trait of the Ring of Death that allowed it to draw a steady stream of customers. As long as Hong Yang didn’t die, his defeat wouldn’t be a problem.

“I understand. However, there’s another problem… Zhang Xuan came to the ring together with a companion, and the latter has been betting all in on him every single round! Over the past ten matches, he has already won more than 1600 concentrated high-tier spirit stones from us! When Hong Yang came on the stage, I thought that Zhang Xuan would surely be defeated in the duel, so I altered the payout to be very low on Hong Yang’s side and very high on Zhang Xuan’s side, wanting to lure that companion of his to go all in

once more to recoup our losses… I didn't think that Zhang Xuan would actually outmatch Hong Yang!" An awkward look surfaced on the elder's face.

"Very high? How high is that?" The Boss was startled.

"If Hong Yang were to lose, even the overall profits of the black market which we have accumulated over many years won't be enough to compensate the other party…"

"What did you say?" Hearing those words, the cup in the Boss' hand fell to the ground and shattered into innumerable fragments.

Just how high of a payout did that fellow set for Zhang Xuan?!

"Bring me over to take a look. I want to see the situation with my own eyes…"

Unable to remain still any longer, the Boss stood up and began making his way over to the ring.

In the Ring of Death, the death of an individual or two wouldn't mean anything at all. However, if they were to bankrupt themselves over a bet, how were they supposed to continue operating their business?

Such a thing must be prevented at all cost!

…

"You bastard, I'll tear you apart!"

On the ring, after being slapped two consecutive times, Hong Yang's eyes had already reddened in utter rage.

Prior to challenging Zhang Xuan, he had already known the young man was no weakling. However, he hadn't thought that the young man would actually be so powerful!

It had been nearly ten years since he first fought in the Ring of Death, and never had he suffered such humiliation before!

More importantly, even after managing to land two clean blows on him, that fellow was still adamantly continuing with his act, making it look as if he would collapse at any

moment…

Act your head! If anyone is going to collapse here, it should be me!

But even though Hong Yang was livid with rage, he knew better than to let his anger blind his rationality.

“I have to steady my Primordial Spirit!”

With this thought in mind, he sealed all of his acupoints and steadied his state of mind so that the young man couldn’t sway him anymore.

The reason why the young man had managed to land two slaps on him was because of his terpsichorean art. As long as he were to avert his eyes and attention away from it, he would be able to avoid being falling into a trance!

Hong long!

After putting up his mental guard, Hong Yang charged forward once more. This time, he was planning to get into close quarters to launch a barrage of attacks.

His towering stature had granted him with strength superior to that of his peers, and he knew that the best way for him to capitalize on this strength was through close-quarter combat. The young man was swift and nimble, but in close-quarter combat, one would often be limited by their reaction speed, thus making it night impossible to dodge every single attack.

This would be his best shot at exacting vengeance!

Hu la!

Charging forward, his arms and legs flew forth one after another with astounding speed, reminiscent of a relentless storm battering down on the world. In comparison, Zhang Xuan seemed like a fragile raft, completely helpless in its face.

“Not bad!” Zhang Xuan muttered beneath his breath.

In this moment, Zhang Xuan’s body was still limp in weakness, and it felt as if he would be swallowed by that storm of attacks. But for some bizarre reason, despite his sluggish movement, Hong Yang’s barrage of attack still missed him one after another, as if Hong Yang was intentionally letting him off.

“He’s able to predict my attacks?” Hong Yang widened his eyes in disbelief.

Despite the young man’s slow and sluggish movements, it was apparent to him that the young man had seen right through every single one of his attack trajectory, dodging all of his attacks in advance. The young man’s movements may seem unseemly, but there was not a single wasted movement at all!

Just as Hong Yang was thinking of another plan to subdue the young man before him, the latter abruptly raised his palm once more, clearly preparing to imprint another palm on his face.

“Again? I have already steadied my Primordial Spirit. Your terpsichorean arts won’t work on me anymore!” Hong Yang sneered confidently.

However, in the next moment, he heard a voice sounding in his ear, “Don’t bother dodging. It’s futile…”

It sounded like the whisperings of a lover, causing a jolt of electricity to course through his body. In an instant, the tension in his muscles loosened, causing his body to fall limp.

“Shit, it’s demonic tune this time around!”

It took only a tenth of a second for Hong Yang to realize the anomaly in his body, and he immediately bit his tongue to jolt himself out of his abnormal state. But by the time he was about to protect himself, the young man’s palm had already appeared by his face once more.

Pah!

A crisp and resounding echo it was!

Hong Yang’s eyes reddened once more as he twisted a round on the spot. At the same time, half of his face swelled up as well.

“Please, believe me! My body is really reaching its limit. I can’t fight against you anymore… I can’t defeat you!” the young man’s helpless voice sounded yet again.

“ARGHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!”

Overwhelmed with frenzy, Hong Yang charged forward furiously once more, but yet another palm struck his face.

And Zhang Xuan didn't forget to continue his humblebragging either, "I am really exhausted, let me go. I want to rest, don't come anymore…"

Hong Yang charged over once more.

Pah! Pah! Pah!

"No, this is really my limit. Oh, I'm going to pass out…"

It was as if the young man's hand was infused with some kind of sorcery. Each and every time, it would strike Hong Yang's face accurately. Despite trying out a dozen different movement techniques, the young man's palm would still land on his face with inconceivable precision. More importantly, after each slap, the young man would act as if he was going to fall without fail, as if he was the victim over here…

If you can't hold on anymore, just faint then!

You say that you can't hold on any longer each time, but you still manage to slap me without fail each time I charge forward…

Can you be any more shameless than that?

Hong Yang really felt that his sanity was being severely challenged over here.

He wasn't the only one who felt that. Every single person on the spectator stand was also completely dumbfounded. Their minds were too crazed over the happenings on the field that they even forgot how to react with their bodies.

They knew Hong Yang's strength very well—Conqueror of Hundred, unmatched in his power class…

They thought that it should be easy for him to teach an arrogant newcomer a lesson… But who could have thought that such would happen instead…

Each time Hong Yang charged over, he would be smacked back in place by a slap. Then, the young man would wobble on the spot, as if he would collapse at any moment.

And the cycle would just repeat and repeat…

With each slap, the indomitable Hong Yang in their hearts would erode by a bit, to the point that nothing was left at all.

What that was even more shocking was that the fellow that was on the verge of fainting was actually still completely intact! Throughout the course of the battle, he hadn't sustained the slightest injury at all!

"Did I really just fight with that monster?"

The faces of the scar-faced young man and the others were completely pale. At the same time, Qian Xu's head also cowered back with every slap that had been dealt. At this rate, it seemed like it would be long before his head was buried into his neck.

That was Hong Yang, the invincible gladiator of the Ring of Death! To be smacked around so easily as if a little chick, just how powerful could that newcomer be?

This was too exaggerated!

And he, Qian Xu, actually provoked such a figure… It was fortunate that the other party didn't hold a grudge against him over that matter, or else he would have already turned into a lifeless corpse.

“Stop hitting me, I really am not a match for you… Stop it!”

The crisp slaps and helpless exclamations continued sounding on the ring.

Putong!

At some point in time, Hong Yang finally came to the limit of his strength and collapsed to the ground, knocked out.

Even up to the moment that he lost consciousness, his heart was filled with indignance.

In his many years on the Ring of Death, this was the first time he had been pummeled so indignantly and humiliatingly.

Before his vision turned dark, he took one last look at his opponent and saw the young man was still swaying on the spot, no different from before.

It seemed as if he would fall at any time, but somehow, he just kept standing on…

“The newcomer… defeated Hong Yang?”

“I lost the bet again?”

“That was the money I took from my wife’s secret stash!”

Because it was Hong Yang fighting, there were many who had placed huge bets on Hong Yang’s victory. Thus, when they saw Hong Yang collapsing on the ground, knocked out, their faces turned completely livid. There were even a few who burst into tears.

After losing several rounds, they thought that they would be able to recoup some of their losses through Hong Yang. Yet, who could have thought that this match would only further their losses, plunging them deeper into the abyss.

If only they had known this in advance, they would have bet their everything on Zhang Xuan… But speaking of which, just where did this inconspicuous little lad pop up from him?

To be able to defeat even the Conqueror of Hundred with such ease…

“This duel… Zhang Xuan is the victor!”

After waiting for ten seconds, Hong Yang still remained completely motionless. So, the voice from before declared loudly, but the disbelief in his voice was still clear for all to hear.

“We’re riiiichhhhhh! We have really struck it rich this time!”

At odds with the depressing atmosphere drifting along the spectator stand, upon hearing the news of Zhang Xuan’s victory, Zhang Jiuxiao leaped up in excitement and cried out.

The payout for this match was a little more than 1:10, which meant to say that as long as Zhang Xuan won, the 1800 concentrated high-tier spirit stone would bring him a return of nearly 20,000!

Even as the offspring of the Zhang Clan, he had never seen that many concentrated high-tier spirit stone before!

Completely broke when they first entered the black market, in less than two hours, their wealth had actually leaped up to nearly 20,000…

Zhang shi was really a walking spirit mine! Furthermore, he was the type that could produce countless spirit stones without using an excavator!

With so many of it, it should be enough to fulfill Zhang shi's needs!

With this thought in mind, Zhang Jiuxiao walked over to the betting counter and passed over the document in his hand over. "I have come here to collect my payout. If I'm not mistaken, you owe me a total of 19,800 concentrated high-tier spirit stones!"

"19800?"

Before the person in charge could speak, a cold harrumph suddenly sounded. Following which, a middle-aged man walked over and spoke authoritatively, "We suspect that you have been cheating in the Ring of Death, so the bet that you have made in this match will be annulled!"

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